

# The Hundredth Anniversary of Battle of Waterloo

Next Friday Marks Passing of a Century Since Napoleon Was Defeated by Wellington. Field of Battle Again Fought Over During the Present War—Cockpit for the Armies of Europe—Napoleon's Plans for the Great Struggle and the Failure of His Subordinates. Corsican Depended Upon Marshal Ney, Who Failed to Get Behind Blucher, as He Was Instructed—As the Emperor Saw the Battle—Fresh Troops for the English—How the Old Guard Fought—Field Wrested From Grasp of the French—The Defeat, Rout and Panic.

JUST 100 years ago next Friday—June 18, 1815—the battle of Waterloo was fought. What name can conjure up thoughts of greater disaster, of mightier strife and desperate valor, or of such wreck and ruin of temporal power and prosperity, as when Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican man of destiny, the greatest soldier of the modern world and emperor of the French, who fills more pages of the world's solemn history than any other mortal, calmly met his fate on the frightful field of Waterloo?

A few weeks later he was being borne over the seas on a British frigate of war to the island of St. Helena, to spend the last few years of his life in bitter contrast to all that makes his name one of the most marvelous in the world's history. He died in exile, at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

Waterloo, Belgium, then even as now the cockpit for the armies of Europe, will go rolling down the centuries as a byword for all that spells defeat and ruin of earthly ambitions and human endeavors, for it was on that bloody field that the vaunted "star of destiny," the great Corsican ceased to shine, and went out in utter darkness in the crowning defeat of the man who had conquered almost half of the civilized world by the sheer force of his genius. Waterloo was the last battlefield of the military Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte, first emperor of the French.

One sees the child of destiny, born in obscurity, rise from a poor lieutenant in the French army until, in a few short years, he takes the emperor's diadem from the hands of the Pope and places it upon his own head. Then one can picture him putting down the mobs in the streets of Paris in the plains of Lombardy, with his ragged army crushing host after host of Austrians by his brilliant maneuvers and rapid marches that stunned and annihilated his foes; battling in the shadow of the pyramids of Egypt, and crossing the snow-clad Alps, marching to that great victory of Marengo, where his star of destiny never shown brighter.

Later, at the head of his victorious French legions, at Ulm, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, Wagram, and elsewhere, other great battles, where victory ever perched upon his eagle banners, and where his star of destiny seemed ever but to shine more brilliantly. Again he appeals to the imagination in Russia, leading the grand army, nearly half a million strong, to the walls of Moscow, "where the infantry of the snow and cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves."

And that terrible retreat from the elements and hunger, pursued by the savage Cossacks, the staggering, frozen columns of pitiful wretches who had marched into Russia as certain conquerors, and only a sad remnant of whom returned to tell the frightful tale of suffering, misery and death. Beaten by fire, snow and hunger, that rabble of gaunt and almost crawling creatures staggered back to France, where the great Corsican seemed but to stamp upon the earth when new legions sprang from the soil, to cry with their last breath: "Long live the emperor!"

Then Leipzig, and—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. Then he "escapes and retakes an empire by the force of his genius"; the Bourbon king flees from the throne of France as he is borne in triumph to Paris on the shoulders of his comrades in arms, and then, the hundred days' reign, Waterloo again. He passes from the pages of history forever.

But Waterloo—Napoleon and France, against Blucher and his Prussians, Wellington and his English and troops

of Belgium, Nassau, Hanover and Brunswick. He has marched rapidly from Paris with the flower of French manhood in his ranks, to strike his enemies, who have again allied themselves against him. Blucher and Wellington are in Belgium, with their armies ready to invade France. Will Blucher form a junction of his army with Wellington's? Not if Napoleon prevent it. That is what they plan to do, but he aims to drive his army between Blucher and Wellington and defeat them both, one at a time, as he annihilated the Austrians in the plains of Italy years before.

His plans are perfect that master mind has lost none of its cunning, and he is upon them before they know it. It only remains for his grand marshals and generals to obey his orders to the letter. When that is done there will be no English army to succor Blucher.



GEN. BLUCHER.

and no Prussian army to succor Wellington. He moves the chessmen on the board; he sticks the pins in his maps, studies them, and moves them again. Marshal Ney will get behind Blucher even while he is making a feint at Wellington to drive him back toward Brussels, and when the Prussians break, as they surely will, not a man of the Prussian army will escape. He will grind them between his legions and Wellington and his English will then have their turn after Blucher is annihilated.

This is two days before Waterloo, and Wellington and Blucher are trying to bring their armies together to withstand the shock of the French, with Napoleon and his imperial guard.

But Ney fails to get behind Blucher as he has been ordered. The English hold him engaged at Quatre-Bras, and he does not move as the master mind has planned. The emperor sends a courier to Ney, telling him the fate of France is in his hands. But still Ney does not move into his position. Too late, Blucher is ordered to retreat, and starts his retreat, but there is no Ney behind him with his French corps to annihilate the retreating Prussians.

Blucher gets away in the night, and

although Marshal Grouchy is ordered to follow with 32,000 French and harass him and to prevent him forming a junction with Wellington, Blucher eludes his pursuers and retreats to Wavre, while Grouchy follows his own shadow to Gembloux. Meanwhile Napoleon, with his army, turns his attention to Wellington and forces him steadily back toward Brussels.

But Wellington has surveyed the surrounding country with the eyes of a great general. He is small of stature like Napoleon, but he is no stranger to the field of battle, and he is known as "the Iron Duke." He knows he must fight, but he will fight on ground of his own choosing, so he halts at Waterloo, a league from Brussels, and assembles his allied army on Mont St. Jean, with a rolling plain before him and the forest of Soignes in his rear.

The rain has been falling in torrents and the roads are deep in mud to mire the artillery of the French to the hubs. Napoleon comes up with the Iron Duke the evening of the 17th of June, 1815, but too late to attack him. He looks at the sun and exclaims: "What would I not give for the power of Joshua to command thee to stand still for a few hours." The two armies go into camp within sight of each other.

A courier is dispatched with all speed to find Grouchy and tell him to make all haste toward Waterloo. Bulow must be taken in the rear, but in the meantime the emperor orders Count Lobau to take 10,000 men to follow and support Daumont and his three regiments of cavalry, who are marching toward St. Lambert to meet Bulow. Count Lobau and Gen. Daumont are ordered to hold Bulow in check until Grouchy takes him in the rear, when they will redouble their attack. Thus fate has dealt the emperor another unexpected blow.

"We have sixty chances to win now, and forty against us," he tells his marshals. "If Grouchy repairs the horrible fault he has committed by amusing himself at Gembloux, victory will therefore be more decided for the corps of Bulow must in that case be entirely lost."

At 11:30 o'clock 129 French cannon open on the English and their allies of Hanover, Nassau, Brunswick and Belgium, and Marshal Ney moves forward with his legions of veterans to where the Iron Duke's brave troops are calmly awaiting them.

What pen or brush shall ever describe this gigantic struggle that holds the fate of Europe? What tongue shall ever pay just tribute to the mighty deeds of valor on the part of aggressor and defender alike, as they close in for their death struggle on this fair June day?

Who has not seen that wonderful canvas, "Scotland Forever," the charge of the Scotch Greys at Waterloo, or the "Wellington's Thin Red Line," and that of the Old Guard cheering their emperor as they go forth to make their last desperate stand against Wellington's squares of British infantry?

NAPOLÉON ABOARD THE BELLEPHON.

There are fairies, too. They have done wonderful service keeping up the courage of children in that awful moment after the lights are turned out to go to sleep and sleep, like everybody and everything in the world, but the darkness of night, stays a long, long way off.

Also, there are witches, fearful but

the French on the heights of La Belle Alliance.

In the night the rain falls in torrents again, though the very skies weep for the slaughter that shall further drench the soil of Belgium on the morrow. In the pouring rain the emperor goes forth to reconnoiter the English position, and having satisfied himself of the position of the French, he orders his army to bivouac in the mud, he throws himself down for an hour's sleep before daylight.

He has been in the saddle for hours on end with little or no rest, and, although his horse is suffering from a local malady that would deter a sterner soul, his mighty brain knows no rest. He mutters: "We shall see; we shall see."

During the early hours of morning the rain stops. The emperor is up at sunrise. From the heights of La Belle Alliance he sees the English army drawn up in battle array and he exclaims: "At last, at last, I have seen the English in my grasp. The enemy's army is superior to ours by nearly a fourth; there are nevertheless, ninety chances in our favor, to ten against us."

He wishes to start the battle at 7 o'clock, but the ground is too soggy from the rain to allow his artillery and cavalry to maneuver, and some of his cannon have not yet come up with him, so Waterloo did not begin until 11 o'clock, much to the vexation and disappointment of the emperor. He does not know that Blucher has eluded Grouchy. He is counting on him to take care of Blucher. He has great confidence in Grouchy, who has never failed him before, and who is most punctual in carrying out his emperor's orders.

At last the French move forward from the heights of La Belle Alliance with banners flying and trumpets sounding, and the battle of Waterloo is on. There will be no victorious trumpet blasts for the emperor of the French and his European legions at the close of this day. The proud eagles of France, victorious in many fields of battle where the men and horses fought a cause for the great Corsican led, will be trampled in the blood and dust are that morning sun shines to greet another day.

Why had Grouchy failed to obey his emperor's orders forty-eight hours before at Ligny and Quatre-Bras? Ney, who was with him, exclaims: "The campaign in Russia! 'Oh, what a man, what a man!' And why did I not take the morning of the 16th of June, just before Waterloo? And why had Grouchy failed to follow Blucher to Wavre?"

As the battle of Waterloo is begun, Napoleon, from the hill of Rosomme, sees a dark mass moving in the direction of St. Lambert. He knows it is Grouchy, but he sends Gen. Daumont with three regiments of light cavalry to see. At this moment a Prussian prisoner is brought to him and from him the emperor compels the information that Blucher has moved, and that Grouchy and his corps have been seen at Wavre, and that the dark mass moving in the direction of St. Lambert is Bulow. The Prussian general, with 30,000 fresh troops.

Wellington is beaten and his army should be in retreat, but he does not believe it, and although torn and shattered, there they stand, thin red line. From the hill of Rosomme Napoleon learns for the first time, and too late, the fiber of these British infantrymen. Why does Grouchy not come? From Waterloo they hear the roar of battle at St. Lambert, and believe that the army may be there, or almost there, to take Bulow from the rear.

As night draws on the English army is in most desperate straits, and Wellington is heard to say: "Would to God that night or Blucher would come." The French army is little better off, and the battle has turned into a strength-clinging death struggle. Ney, as Napoleon afterwards believed, succeeded in getting the magnificent French cavalry massacred, and the last of the Imperial Guard—these veterans who have seen the last crushing blow to the enemy on so many fields of battle—have already gone forward into the fray. Not a French soldier is in reserve, and Marshal Ney is calling for more infantry.

"Where does he expect to get them?" replies the emperor. Never before has the superb French cavalry thrown itself upon a foe with such violence, and toward with his legions of veterans to where the British squares like furies of avenging death itself, but the red squares meet and shoot and will not break. They rush through the first squares and come upon the second, and there they die by hundreds.

Those who remain, return, reform and charge again, but always with the same result. Men and horses are impaled upon the British bayonets and the squares are driven down and crushed, but they form again and refuse to rout. It is like an irresistible force against an invulnerable object, and the plain before Mont St. Jean is

Who has not read Victor Hugo's mighty effort to describe the battle of Waterloo, and who shall say today but what he has succeeded, for there is a pen picture by a master.

All day long the ebb and flow of the tide of battle moves forward and backward, until the dead and wounded cover the plain and the living are worn with strife and fatigue. From the first volley of French artillery no fiercer fighting has ever been seen on the field of an European battle. The magnificent French cavalry were piled up in the hidden and sunken roadway, until the bodies of men and horses formed a causeway for the thousands thundering behind to ride over and across that fatal and unbroken chain of death.

At 12:30 o'clock Grouchy is midway between Gembloux and Wavre, but Napoleon does not learn this until about

drenched with the blood of English and French alike.

Part of the allied enemies of the French are already in retreat, and panic toward Brussels, and the cry of victory comes from the ranks of France, but Wellington and his English refuse to yield. Darkness is coming on to close this June day that has reddened the soil of Belgium, and the Iron Duke and his remnant of English infantry seem to have made their minds to die to the last man.

Slowly they give ground, inch by inch, before the onslaught of the French, moving back upon the forest of Soignes. The French are still assaulting and Marshal Ney leads charge after charge with the torn remnant of French cavalry.

And now through the gathering darkness comes the cry of Blucher. It is taken up and heard above the



"SCOTLAND FOREVER"

roar of battle by both French and English. What a cry of hope and despair is that cry of Blucher, Blucher! For one it means rescue, victory and life and for the other it spells defeat and death. Blucher comes in the nick of time to save the Iron Duke, with 30,000 fresh Prussian troops, who pour upon the field of battle.

They fall upon the French with a fury in their hearts that seems to remember Jene, when their Prussian

UNDER DUKE TO THE LAST MAN. They died but never surrendered.

And what of him for whom this bloody carnage has been fought, and because of whom the name of Waterloo will go rolling down the centuries? Could the great Corsican have heeded the words of Wolsey to Cromwell: "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition," who can say but what he would never have had to drink this cup of defeat and bitterness to its very dregs at Waterloo?

Must one believe that this man of destiny had such an abiding faith in

king and even their warlike queen had to flee for their very lives before Napoleon and his French army. And now the tide of battle turns and the French are beaten back. The torn and shattered English, taking new life, return to the fight with renewed energy. Panic seizes the French ranks, and in the darkness it is hard to distinguish friend from foe. Despair and demoralization give place to the discipline and valor with which the French have battled so gloriously throughout this long and bloody day.

In vain Marshal Ney strives to rally his shattered and demoralized regiments. He is in rage and utter despair, grimed with the smoke of battle, and holds the bit of a broken saber in his hand. He has had five horses shot from under him and his garments pierced with musket balls, but still he now a marshal of France can die!" he screams to his panic-stricken soldiers, but it is no use, the rout has begun.

Only the Old Guard of the emperor still fight on and refuse to fly. The cannons of the English sweep their ranks and they fall as the winter's withered leaves. Again those engines of death are loaded with grapeshot and the cannoners wave their torches behind the ranks. A British officer goes forward and calls out: "Surrender, brave Frenchmen!" He is answered with a laugh and a word unprintable. The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders. Once again the flame leaps from the line of British cannon and the Imperial Guard of the Emperor

of Russia, sometimes almost unconscious from the pain of his wounds and fatigue, with a Belgian rustic tied to his saddle in order that he shall not fall, and who shall we wonder if he wishes to ask him questions about the character of the surrounding country, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks with a bitter smile that he has planned to forestall this very catastrophe, two days before, at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and who shall we wonder if he is ordered by the orders of the brave but rash Marshal Ney, and his hard and bloody sword, to march on to the front of his death by the Prussians under Blucher. Perhaps he thinks